

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## THE PILOT

By JAMES FINIMORE COOPER

Continued by Alfred Clark



Cooper was born in New Jersey in 1796, but when only about a year old removed to his father's ancestral domain at Cooperstown, New York, where he died in 1851. There he learned to know the wilderness which plays so important a part in his books, and there, too, he probably acquired that headstrong self-assertiveness and disregard of the opinions of others which made him, while one of the few most widely read authors in the world, one of the most cordially detested individuals to be found. He had a positive genius for getting in bad. While Dickens and Kipling deeply wounded one nation by their American Notes, they were pigmies in this respect compared to Cooper. He could exaggerate any and everybody and apparently cultivated with pleasure his habitual attitudes. Lowell wrote of him as "Cooper, who's written six volumes to prove he's as good as a lord." An English magazine described him as a "billionaire," a "liar," a "full jackass," an "insect," a "grub," and a "reptile." The "New Yorker" pleasantly wrote of him: "He is as proud of blackguarding as a black woman is of billingsgate. It is as natural to him as snarling to a tomcat or growling to a bulldog. He has the scorn and contempt of every well informed American."

ON a late afternoon of a winter's day, during the American Revolution, a rakish schooner and a majestic frigate anchored well inside a little bay on the northeastern coast of England. A whaleboat drove shoreward, a young officer scrambled up the steep cliffs and a few minutes later a mysterious stranger was transferred to the frigate's deck. He answered to the name of "Mr. Gray" and was said to be merely a pilot, but he was greeted with surprising deference.

For no ordinary man would these vessels have ventured so near that coast of sandbars and hidden rocks. The wind was a mere ruffle of air, but the incessant mutter of the long, slow waves foretold that a storm was brewing. Ever more fitfully and faintly blew the land-breeze; the mutter of the waters grew deeper. Only here and there did a few stars twinkle between the fast gathering clouds. It was time to beat out to open sea, if it were not even now too late. Men swarmed aloft and hung up the yards; sails fluttered out; the anchor was pulled in; the frigate gathered headway. Then the faint breeze died. The spread of canvas hung useless; the currents drove the ship shoreward.

With a roar the wind came suddenly from the east. White spray dashed from the bow. Yet the Pilot paced the quarter-deck seemingly oblivious to danger. But open water was far ahead and suddenly from the forecabin came that dreaded cry, "Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!" The Pilot shook off his trance of thought. His orders thundered forth, sailors sprang hither and thither at his bidding, the frigate swung about at his cry of "Hold on everything!" Tortuously she picked her way through the twisting channels, in darkness amid the howlings of the great winds.

She shivered from bow to stern as a hundred men loosed the huge mainsail. The jib was torn free with a crash like a cannon's blast, but the big sail held and the frigate bowed like a reed in the wind. White foam showed dimly upon both sides, but the Pilot kept the ship, as by a miracle, within a narrow ribbon of dark water. He took the wheel himself. Time and again the frigate seemed to have reeled free from peril; time and again she plunged anew toward a welter of white water. But she drove ever on and at last she rode the great waves of the open sea.

Not the storm alone had these ships dared. They were American vessels, lurking about an enemy's coast. This little bay had a peculiar fascination for two young lieutenants aboard, Edward Griffith and Richard Barnstable. Not far inland lived Colonel Howard, a Tory who had fled from America when the colonists revolted. With him dwelt his niece, Cecilia Howard, beloved by Griffith, and his ward, Katherine Plowden, betrothed to Barnstable. In St. Ruth's abbey lingered, too, Christopher Dillon, a poor kinsman anxious to better his condition by wedding the wealthy Cecilia. Redcoats lent a picturesqueness to the venerable abbey, for a small garrison under Captain Borroughcliffe had been summoned by the owner. For aught that men knew, John Paul Jones himself might be aboard these ships hovering nearby.

While reconnoitering the next night, "Mr. Gray" and Griffith were captured, but Borroughcliffe's drunkenness enabled them to escape. Griffith was, however, retaken.

The retaken Barnstable, fretting offshore with his enormous coxswain, Long Tom Coffin, had been nearly cut off from his schooner by an English cutter, but he scrambled aboard safely and the drum beat to quarters. While

broadside roared and the decks grew slippery with blood, the little fighting ships met and grappled. Before Barnstable could lead his boarders to the enemy's deck, Coffin tumbled into the sea. Shouting "Revenge Long Tom!" the lieutenant rushed with his men upon the foe. It was fighting at close quarters and the issue was in doubt when the drenched and furious coxswain emerged from the sea and with his harpoon plinked the English captain to his mast. In a few minutes the Americans were masters of the cutter. Covering in that scene of bloodshed the victors discovered the crafty Dillon, who pleaded to be sent off as a hostage, promising to return in person or to have Griffith delivered in his stead.

His word of honor was trusted and he was sent away with Long Tom. He luckily overheard Dillon's treacherous plot to entrap Barnstable's waiting party. The resourceful old seaman gagged Borroughcliffe and drove Dillon, at the point of his harpoon, back to the waiting schooner. By this time, however, a battery on the cliff brought down the schooner's mainmast. She was driven from her course by heavy seas. The masts were felled and anchors dropped, but she plunged on like a bobbing cork in rapids. Barnstable would have stayed by his ship, but suddenly Long Tom seized him and hurled him over the bulwarks. "God's will be done with me," Coffin cried, above the wind's roar. Dillon's lifeless body was rolled upon the shore, but Long Tom's stayed with the sea to which he had dedicated his life.

Surprise succeeded surprise at the abbey. Barnstable marched his shipwrecked mariners into the building and they took possession, but they were soon made prisoners by the redcoats. Then the mysterious figure of the Pilot appeared at the door and behind him loomed the marines from the frigate. Colonel Howard, an unwilling prisoner, was marched away with Cecilia and Katherine, who could not be disowned at the triumph of his lovers.

Captain Borroughcliffe was freed, as was another inmate of the abbey, Alice Duscombe. She had recognized the Pilot in his disguise when he was first captured. They had been lovers, but she was so staunch in her love for her king and she so hated bloodshed that she had broken her troth to this "Mr. Gray," whom she addressed as John. She reminded him that did she but once call aloud his true name the whole countryside would ring with it. What that name was never revealed, but there was but one sea rover who could strike stark terror into all English hearts.

On board the frigate repeated conferences were held between the captain, Griffith and "Mr. Gray." Suddenly out of the fog drove a mountainous ship of the line. The drum beat aboard the frigate, sailors leaped nimbly about the deck, clearing for action. The women were led below and gradually order resolved itself out of the chaos of shouting men. A terrific roar filled the air as three tiers of guns blazed a broadside from the English ship. A few sails and ropes were cut, but the frigate's sailing power was hardly affected. One chance ball struck the captain and hurled him to death. Griffith succeeded to the command and he was appalled as he saw the frigate hemmed about. To the east loomed the great ship of war and far in the northeast the sails of another frigate.

"What are we to do?" cried Griffith. "Fight them! Fight them!" shouted the Pilot. "Let me proclaim your name to the men," Griffith appealed. But the Pilot refused. "Should we come to a grapple," he said, "I will give forth the name as a war-cry and these English will quail before it."

The ship of war was distanced, but she cut off a retreat and the frigate ahead had been re-enforced by two others. The foremost maneuvered with the American frigate for position. Broadside crashed and they grappled. The American guns raked her foe and left her helpless, with useless ropes dangling from shattered masts. The deck was cleared and as another enemy appeared, Griffith shouted, "Hold away of everything!" Fifty men flew aloft upon the spars and white canvas was spread from every mast. The frigate lunged ahead, but it could not outstrip its rival, and the halt to give battle had enabled the ship of the line to draw up.

Then, for a few breathless moments, the Pilot leaped into command. Breakers loomed ahead, but he drove the vessels straight into the shoals, into narrow passages where white foam hubbed perilously close. The enemy dared not follow, and when night fell pursuit was hopeless.

Colonel Howard, fatally wounded in the battle, lived long enough to see Cecilia Howard and Katherine Plowden wedded by the chaplain to their lovers. His last words were spoken to Griffith. "Perhaps I may have mistaken my duty to America—but I was too old to change my politics or my religion; I—I loved the king—God bless him!"

The frigate drove on to Holland, where the Pilot landed in a small boat that dwindled into a black speck and disappeared in the setting sun. Twelve years later Cecilia Griffith saw her husband's face cloud, as he read in the newspaper of the death of a great man, but not even then did he divulge his name. He had promised to keep it secret. He said only, "Our happiness might have been wrecked in the voyage of life had we not met the unknown Pilot of the German ocean."

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## Live Stock News

## COMMON SCAB AMONG SHEEP

During Past Decade Great Progress Has Been Made in Eradication of Ailment.

Common scab was formerly the greatest drawback to the sheep industry of the United States, but during the past decade great progress has been made in its eradication. The system of grazing sheep on the open ranges of the western part of the United States was such that the flockmasters had great difficulty in keeping the flock free from the scab. The sheep were very frequently exposed to the disease by infectious ranges and trails, "picking up strays" from infected flocks, and in many other ways. It became desirable for the department of agriculture to extend aid to the



An Advanced Case of Scab, Showing Area Denuded of Wool.

Industry by controlling the interstate movement of sheep to prevent the carrying of the infection from one state to another.

Scab is exceedingly contagious and is transmitted by direct contact with animals or objects that are carriers of the mites. Although unable to propagate except on sheep, the mites may be harbored temporarily by animals other than sheep and may live on goats for a long period.

A flock of scabby sheep will infect the roads, trails, sheds, yards, bed grounds, pastures, ranges, and the ground around the watering places. It is therefore important that the flock receive proper treatment as soon as the disease appears, before the infection becomes scattered over the premises.

## SCIENTIFIC FEEDING IS BEST

Supply Food in Right Proportions to Meet Requirements Without Waste of Nutrients.

To supply food in the right proportion to meet the various requirements of the animal, without a waste of food nutrients, constitutes scientific feeding. It is by carefully studying the composition of feeding stuffs, the proportion in which they are digested by different animals and under different conditions, and the requirement of animals for the various food nutrients when at rest, at work, giving milk, producing wool, mutton, beef, pork, etc., that the principles of feeding have been worked out. In applying these principles in practice the cost and special adaptations of different feeding stuffs must, of course, be taken into account.

## SIRE TO AID FUR BEARERS

"Better Sires—Better Stock" Campaign Indorsed by Breeders and Fanciers' Association.

The National Breeders and Fanciers Association of America has indorsed the "Better Sires—Better Stock" movement. Through its secretary, the association has notified the United States department of agriculture of its aim, through better sires, to improve the quality of fur-bearing animals raised in confinement.

In addition to raising animals kept primarily for fur, members of the association also breed such creatures as rabbits, cavies, and mice used for pets and scientific purposes. The value of pure-bred sires is especially great for classes of animals like those mentioned because of their prolificacy.

## DECLINE IN BREEDING SOWS

Decrease of 9.9 Per Cent Is Noted by Bureau of Estimates—States Affected.

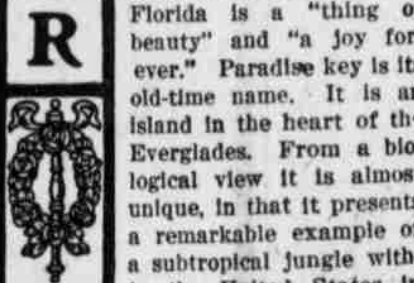
Breeding sows declined 9.9 per cent during the year ending April 1, 1920, according to investigations of the bureau of crop estimates. The same number of these animals for both years is reported for South Carolina and Georgia, and increases for Florida, Texas, and New Mexico. The heaviest declines were found in Massachusetts, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, and Idaho.

## PLAN FOR BETTER STOCK.

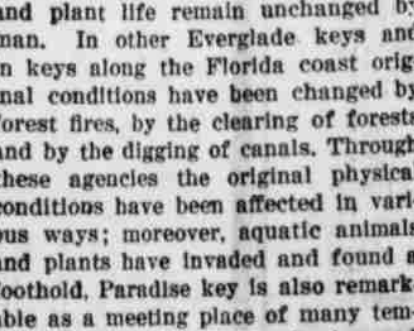
Boost better live stock in your community. Advertise judiciously. Exhibit at the county, state and other larger live stock shows. Remember that a satisfied purchaser is your best advertisement. So be prompt in registering and transferring animals and make good all guarantees.



ROYAL PALM STATE PARK



SEMINOLE INDIAN



ROYAL PALM AND STRANGLING FIG

the temperate species are here represented by varieties or subspecies which take the place of the northern types. The Everglades owe their characteristic features of marsh, sloughs, and shallow ponds, to their recent origin and their slight elevation above the sea level. Their general surface is not high enough to permit the formation of deep valleys by eroding streams; and the water appears to ooze slowly seaward, on the west side toward the southwest and on the east side toward the southeast.

Royal Palm State park of course takes its name from the royal palms (Roystonea regia) which possibly form its chief ornament. These splendid palms often rise to a height of 100 feet, dwarfing most of their competitors of the palm family. A worthy rival is the magnificent live oak (Quercus virginiana), which sometimes spreads its moss-covered branches over an area 200 feet in diameter. In the way of curious forest growths is the poison tree (Metopium taxiferum), a giant sumach with a smooth spotted trunk; its sap acts very much on the human skin like the poison ivy of the north. Another tree to be catalogued among the curiosities is the strangling fig (Ficus aurea). It begins life somewhat like a mistletoe, sprouting from a tiny seed dropped on the limb of a tree. It soon sends down threads which take root when they reach the ground, and which grow together wherever they touch one another, forming a meshwork about the trunk of the host which is strangled to death. The photographs reproduced herewith shows a strangling fig embracing a cabbage palm.

The list of beautiful and interesting trees is long. Some of the more striking are the gumlimbo (Elaphrium simaruba), called West Indian birch in the Antilles; satinleaf, which takes its name from the golden brown, satiny lining of its leaves; the laurel-cherry of the West Indies; a beautiful mimosa-like Lysolima, usually called wild tamarind, with fernlike foliage and smooth white trunk; the mas-tice tree, or wild olive; the bois-flede (incorrectly translated "fiddle wood"), and the pigeon plum.

Of course, it is impossible here to catalogue the fauna and flora of Royal Palm State park. There are many very interesting specimens; some are found nowhere else in the United States. Northern eyes, for example, seldom see the jointed liana (Hippocraten volubilis) which is shown hanging along the trunk of the live oak in the photograph. It is one of nature's agents to keep the balance. It works its way to the crown of a tree and then covers it so thickly that its host is often crushed by its weight. It brings more trees to earth than storms or parasites.

There's the identical spider that spins webs from which silk is made. The moths and butterflies are many and beautiful. The zebra butterfly (Heliconius charitonius) is the only representative of its family in the United States; it has such an unpleasant taste that insectivorous birds will not eat it. The mosquitoes are many, but do not communicate disease to human beings. The fishes are many and some of them are rare and curious. The big-mouthed bass (Micropterus salmoides) here sometimes attains a weight of 20 and even 25 pounds. The mudfish is believed to survive periods of drought by burying itself in the mud. Yet local sportsmen say it is "one of the hardest fighters that ever took a hook." A mature female leastfish is only an inch long and a male three-quarters of an inch. The killifish brings forth its young alive.

From the warden's lodge the alligator can be heard bellowing in the big slough. If you are enterprising you can dine on alligators' eggs; they're as good as turtles' eggs when fresh. Snakes there are in plenty—if you go looking for them—rattlesnakes too, and the water moccasin.

In birds the park is rich both because of its climate and because it is on the highway of migratory birds which spend their winters in the West Indies.

In southern Florida many well-known birds, as well as mammals, are represented by varieties or subspecies quite distinct from the typical forms occurring farther north. Thus we have the Florida quail, Florida crow, Florida wren, and the Florida cardinal, all of which are essentially Floridian, and the Florida wild turkey, which is fast disappearing. One of the most beautiful birds, a tropical species now fast disappearing from Florida and occurring nowhere else in the United States, except in Texas, is the roseate spoonbill (Ajaja ajaja).

The Seminole Indians of the Everglades are comparatively recent intruders, who retreated to the swamps from the lower Creek towns in the eighteenth century. Most of them have been transferred to Oklahoma. In the time of Columbus, the most important tribe of this region was the Caloosah; it was they who repelled Ponce de Leon in 1513. Very little is known about the aboriginal Indians. The Tequestas, who occupied the Everglades before the Seminoles, are described in the narrative of Jonathan Dickinson, who was shipwrecked in 1690 and became their captive.

# Royal Palm State Park

by John Dickinson Sherman



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## Moving Telephone Pole

To accommodate the building of a highway between two eastern cities the local telephone company recently performed the remarkable feat of moving its entire pole line of 430 poles ten feet to one side without cutting a circuit or interrupting service on any of the wires. The work was done by six men in two gangs, with five pole jacks for lifting the poles from their holes, says Popular Mechanics. It was started by raising the first five poles one foot, then going back and raising the first four another foot, and the first three another, and then the first two a total of four feet. Finally the first pole was lifted clear of the ground and railroaded over to the new hole prepared for it by sliding it on a ten-foot oak plank.

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